

The Cricket Field

Forlorn under a heavy coat of snow.
No deep voiced sounds echo round the hills.
Cold winds from Northern climes did blow.
The Cricket field lay dead and still.

An imagine cast in his mind's eye
Brought back the youth of yesteryear
Who with a willow bat, knocked sixes by.
All dressed to kill in cricket gear.

Once with his son in summers past.
Together hit a hundred fast.
One at each end the runs they scored.
The crowds stood up and cheered and roared.

They clapped them in when the game they won.
The well set man and his golden son.
He smiled at thoughts of long ago.
How they loved that field now under snow.